

THE CITIZEN

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 2, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor
JOHN K. TENER.
For Lieutenant Governor
JOHN M. REYNOLDS.
Secretary of Internal Affairs
HENRY HOUCK.
State Treasurer
CHAS. F. WRIGHT.
For Congress,
C. C. PRATT.
For State Senator,
WINFRED D. LEWIS.
COUNTY.
Representative,
H. C. JACKSON.

Bishop Fallows says that hope is the best remedy for the blues. That recalls the fact that an Irishman said the best way to cure insomnia is to go to sleep and forget all about it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is true that Marse HENRY sometimes goes to sleep, but not in slumbers that are produced by insomnia.

Lillian Russell's new play is called "In Search of a Sinner." Going to open in Wilkes-Barre?—Scranton Tribune-Republican.

What's the matter this time? Some other Electric City young man gone wrong at the further end of the Laurel Line?

BENNETT OFF FOR MAINE.

One of the G. O. P. spellbinders in the Maine gubernatorial and Congressional campaign now nicely warming up in Portland and Bangor and Augusta will be the Hon. WILLIAM STILES BENNETT, affectionately known to his New York, Port Jervis and Wayne county intimates as "BIB" BENNETT. He is slated to talk this week and next in the principal Pine Tree cities—and then, by and by, he may go to the back counties to address the lumbermen of Androscoggin and the potato growers of old Aroostook and Fort Fairfield, away off there in the woods that go clean to the Canadian boundary.

Of course, Maine will role up her habitual Republican majority of 23,000 to 30,000 at least—there can be no possibility of doubt as to that; but just the same it is always a wise plan to send tried men of long and successful party influence to talk the party's beliefs in sections of the country where the enemy's lines are weakest and most insignificant. It does the people on the Down East coast and in the rural regions back from salt water a world of good to meet solid men from New York and Washington, and the plain, honest citizens of methodical Maine will not hesitate to tell Mr. BENNETT, precisely as they told Mr. BLAINE and Mr. REED, what their corner of the land needs in the way of national legislation.

We know Mr. BENNETT, a gubernatorial possibility on the other side of the Delaware, will be freshened and stimulated by the bracing breezes of the Pine Tree coast and by the sweet waffings of the Pine Tree woods; and the people of Maine will be benefited by his lucid and vigorous exposition of the issues of this Congressional campaign of 1910, which means a lot to Pennsylvania as well as to Maine.

IS NOT A BRYAN VICTORY.

HOKE SMITH, who will be the next governor of Georgia, having just administered an impressive primary whaling to Gov. LITTLE JOE BROWN, the deposed railroad commissioner who in 1908 downed Gov. HOKE by 14,000 and a little bit more, is a BRYAN man from the top of his high Panama to the sole of his patent leather footings; but the SMITH victory in the Peachtree state should by no means be counted as equivalent to a resumption of the Peerless Pleader's prestige in the most intelligent state of the solid South. The anti-railroad agitation that elected SMITH the first time was again very busy as primary day drew on; other local issues, with possible statewide prohibition in the background, assuredly had something to do with the return of SMITH to the statehouse in Atlanta.

Mr. BRYAN never was strong in Georgia; and no mentally vigorous

southern Democrat save Capt. GONZALES of Columbia and Col. JOE DANIELS of Raleigh is green enough to believe the thrice-belated knight of the Platte country could get a fourth nomination if he wanted it. Mr. BRYAN, though he never tells it, is as much a 16 to 1 advocate today as he was in that spellbinding 1896 campaign of his. He still believes there should be silver coins among the gold. The South some time since recovered from its free silver infidelity of 14 years ago, and the man who still is a silverite at heart is as dead politically in the country below the Potomac and the Ohio as he became in his own Nebraska when a state convention that is a part of very recent political history told him to go to the rear and be seated.

The census office announces that Paterson's population, 105,000 in 1900, is 125,000 now. How many out of that new 20,000 are Anarchists? We wrote something the other day about the desirability of quality as well as quantity in the population of large, cosmopolitan cities—and here is an illustration. If 1,000 out of Paterson's 20,000 new citizens are men and women trained to troop under the red flag, it would have been much better if the Jersey silk city, with her 100 mills and her abundant opportunities for the employment of skillful and orderly workmen, had rested at 75,000 in 1890 instead of climbing to 105,000 in 1900 and to 125,000 in 1910.

There was sincere sorrow manifested on every hand Tuesday when the sad news was broken in the borough that ORVILLE L. ROWLAND, an able lawyer and a genial companion, had crossed the river where there is no bridge. His calling away was so sudden, so totally unexpected, that his friends—and he had a world of them in Pike as well as in Wayne county—simply cannot comprehend it. The men that knew him best will mourn for ORVILLE ROWLAND many days. He was accomplished, unostentatious, approachable and kind. He made his friends readily, without seeming effort, and his friends stuck by him. No man in the circle wherein he moved was more congenial to his associates, and on those who met him professionally and otherwise the loss occasioned by his untimely death is second only to that of the family bereaved. They know, as well as any men need to know, there was much to admire and to love in this man ROWLAND, and to them it is particularly distressing to see him cut down in his prime.

GINGERSNAPS.

Optimism is sometimes due to a shortage of experience.

Many a man has been stung by the political bee in his bonnet.

The worm usually turns after it is too late to make a get-away.

The man who pays as he goes seldom gets beyond the speed limit.

A man seldom appreciates liberty until after he finds himself married or in jail.

The man who shaves himself might be perfectly happy if he could cut his own hair.

Sometimes it is a man's cheek of brass that enables him to grasp a golden opportunity.

We are glad we don't know it all when we hear what people say about men who think they do.

Many a man would enjoy being cast away on a desert island. Then he would not have to call on his wife's relations.

Yes, Equibunk is in the limelight again. The row that has ended in a \$20,000 suit for false arrest was precipitated there.

Only five weeks to the fair. Get out your high corn and your heavy pumpkins! The field stuff is going to be in evidence this year.

We note with some surprise that "Mayor Gaynor has eaten a beefsteak" and "is doing well." He certainly is doing doggone well to have a beefsteak to eat in this year 1910 A. D.

The love-sick swain who takes the matrimonial plunge on \$12 a week these days is about on a par with the man whose only preparation for a dive into a 12-foot lake is a correspondence school course in swimming.

A New York magistrate has decided a man may take a second look at a pretty woman without being guilty of flirting. Life has its compensations, after all—even in the torrid metropolis!

On the other hand, did you ever hear of a man marrying a woman to reform her?

After planning your Christmas shopping just figure on how sanely you are going to spend the next Fourth. Time is time, in Wayne county as elsewhere on this terrestrial ball.

It is a good thing the New Jersey clerk who holds that in order to be qualified to take out a marriage license a man must be sober didn't stipulate also that he must be in his right senses.

Texas had snow this week, but the white Texas this time was the Texas away down between Oklahoma and the Rio Grande and not the Texas that thinks—according to some of her prominent Democratic citizens—that Honesdale ought to be hitched on as the tail of the Texas kite.

Boston's Mayor, "Honey Fitz," will run for governor of Massachusetts in November, but neither sweet manners nor sweet nickname can be expected to overcome the normal Republican majority of 75,000 in the Bay state and put "Honey Fitz," whose real name is John F. Fitzgerald, in the executive chair on Beacon hill.

It seems doubtful if Virginia's new anti-cussing law will be any more effective than the anti-kissing movement in some quarters of this country. The Virginia summer and the Virginia fall, even in an off year for politics, are enough to make the safest and sanest citizen blaspheme with the best of 'em; and as for the other thing—well, brother, it's just a waste of wind and ink to try to make human nature go back on itself by putting laws on the statute books!

KEYSTONE PRESS.

Some of the work which "speaks for itself" stutters terribly.—Oil City Blizzard.

A well-read man is one who knows almost as much about the subject as we do.—Williamsport Sun.

The drouth has not yet affected the quantity or price of booze in this vicinity.—New Castle News.

It is mighty hard to forgive others for being more successful than ourselves, but some of us can do it, all right.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

The harmony program of the administration may have the desired results. President Taft and former President Roosevelt are working along lines that will doubtless produce good results so far as party peace is concerned.—Bradford Era.

If you would fill your measure from the well of happiness you must carry more there than you take away. Happiness is the return from an investment, the interest which accrues from honest, patient and earnest living. No man can leave sorrowful faces along the trail and carry away happiness for himself. There are no deadheads; every man has a ticket, and pays for it.—Titusville Herald.

The striking feature of the flight from Paris to a point near London by John B. Moissant, the latest claimant of aerial honors, is the way in which he has maintained a definite flying schedule. Prior to his departure from the French capital he mapped out a course much as a sea captain would chart a voyage. Then, with compass between his knees, he proceeded to steer through the air lanes and over cities, towns, cliffs, valleys and waters entirely unknown to him. He alighted at or near places which he selected in advance; he flew at a speed of his own choosing.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

I do not get much time now to sing and play dominoes. It takes me most of my time to push the fair, and it's going to be a dandy, believe me.—Emerson W. Gammell.

I still believe it would be desirable to annex the borough to Texas and suggest that Jan. 1 be the time appointed for Greater Texas to begin business. What does the Greater Honesdale Board of Trade say to that?—William A. Sluman.

I told Mr. Cody, when he asked me to write up the poultry meeting at Hawley, that he would certainly catch it if I did the story, but he said he didn't mind that in the least. He said a roast on him would be a big advertisement for the poultry show at the fair in October. He seemed to realize that every knock is a boost nowadays. I wrote him up, goose and all, and I have yet to hear that the reverend gentleman got sore over what I said about him.—Joseph Stephens, White Mills.

When I went to Hawley the other day to see about the poultry farms I got interested and waited up to the last minute before going to the hotel for supper. Then I was late getting through. The rest of the boys—Joe Welch and Stocker and Lord—went to the station ahead of me and waited for the train on the

platform outside. They passed the time away making fun of me. "Where's Cody?" one of them said, and the answer was, "Why, Cody is over eating." By that, of course, he meant that I was over at the hotel eating. He simply got his words transposed. The idea of a country parson over-eating! Preposterous!—Rev. J. B. Cody, Bethany.

When I was a lawyer in Wood county, Ohio, I met some interesting men. There was W. F. Duncan, judge of the common pleas court in Hancock, the next county to Wood and the man who reversed Judge Banker of the probate court after Banker had fined the Standard Oil \$5,000 for illegal methods in Hancock. I also knew Judge Scroth of Tiffin, over in Seneca county, the little man with the tuft of whiskers on his chin who is known and liked all over northwestern Ohio. But the brightest one in the lot was Tyler, a criminal lawyer, who once was hired to defend the scapegrace brother of a well-to-do merchant and keep him from going to the Columbus pen if possible. Tyler cleared his man, but the \$500 promised by the brother in business wasn't forthcoming. Tyler rendered bills, but they were ignored. At last he got tired of waiting. Selecting a day when he knew the brother of his client would have a storeful of customers, he walked in, strode up to the counter where the proprietor was handing a bundle to one of his best customers, and shouted:

"Did you employ me to defend your brother and keep him out of state's prison?"

"I certainly did," meekly answered the frightened man on the other side of the counter.

"Did you, or did you not, agree to pay me \$500—mind you, sir, \$500—to keep your brother out of state's prison?"

"Yes, I did," was the desperate answer.

"And did I succeed, sir, in keeping that rascal out of the pen, where he belonged?"

"You did," said Tyler's interlocutor, now thoroughly humbled and eager for a settlement on most any basis. "That's what you did, Mr. Tyler."

"And did you pay me, sir? Did you give me that \$500 you agreed to give me for keeping your rascally relative out of state's prison, the place where he belonged, sir?"

"I don't," began the proprietor.

"Can you give me a check today, sir—a check for \$500, to pay me for keeping your—"

"Here's your money," fairly shouted the agonized man behind the counter. "I'm making you a check. (He was getting out the book and the pen.) I'll pay you now. I'll give you \$500. I'll—"

Before he finished, Tyler had the check and was off, and the proprietor and his customers breathed a long sigh of relief.—Herman Harnes, Hawley.



FOR SEPTEMBER.

Now softened suns a mellow luster shed,

The laden orchards glow with tempting red;

On hazel boughs the clusters hang embrowned,

And with the hunting horn the fields resound.

—Old September Poem.

Well, we should say so, and the mellow horn of Mr. Morgan will awake the morn, bidding us garner for the bins and cribs in which we labor for his royal nibs. The summer ended and the blower on, the respite over and the money gone, and Rockefeller as we drill along, bowing and hoping we are well and strong.

The seaside sojourner will quit the shore, and the summer girl will line up three or four conquests in puppy love she has around, and choose the one that is to go undrowned. The which selection from the litter born of summer madness she will then suborn with things sufficient to unlock its eyes, and hurry homeward with the gasping prize.

The busted tourist will return from France with hotel stickers stuck upon his pants, and tarred and postcarded by his friends, will reap the penalty of what he sends. They'll waltz him up and down upon a rail, and alternately turn him head and tail, or howsoever they may best enjoy the views in Venice or the site of Troy.

The festive calf will blithely sniff and snort and deftly tip up where the hair is short, and in the quiet even afterglow the quail will pipe his ducet piccolo. The bold insurgent will insurge the more, and fill the planet with his dreadful year, and each one betting he will not be last, the autumn candidates will gallop past.

The new progressive and the Democrat, the uninspiring that are standing pat, and in the midst of them, unfaint of heart, our Mr. Bryan on the water cart. A maze of issues, and a mass of men, and lo, a gallus busting now and then, and not especially alarmed by it, the trusts desisting till the swarm has lit.

The man from Elba trying to come back,

And the poor consumer in his cul-de-sac

Unknowing if the quaking earth portends

Death or the near approach, perhaps, of friends.

But howsoever and be it as may, the dread mosquito will have had its day, and joining Satan in its spectral growth, have made it real hell there for them both. The while the earthly remnant of it swings upon the wind-screens, and drying clings to that post which, though wanting mortal fire, it still holds with its face against the wire.

The sad first day of school will come to pass, And the barefoot boy will hide out in the grass, And by the time we've caught these malcontents, The Crippen chase will look like thirty cents.

Milady Fashion in her hobble skirt will stride the pavement with the men alert to set her right side up again in case she should in time turn turtle any place. It does beat thunder what the women wear, and how they stick on other people's hair, constrict their middles and constrain their toes and what importance they attach to clothes! But bless us, are they after all to blame, or had they been in these things quite the same if Mother Eve's first thought, as we suppose, had not been necessarily of clothes? Was it to be expected in her case that with a man somewhere upon the place she ever thought of anything at all but gowns, slippers, or perhaps a shawl?

But anyhow, the crawfish will have holed, And the pumpkin shown the faintest trace of gold.

The sassafras will don a redder dress, And the gods will crowd around the cider press.

Or prohibition or whatever will, here is a fountain that shall serve us still, a place of resting and a steal away out of the desert and the heat of day. A place of quiet and the shade of palms, of irrigation and the soothing balms that no reformer till the poles embrace shall ever capture for a bathing place.

The hosts of labor will parade the street, which will remind us of a happy feat in arbitration from the olden days when Julius Caesar was a sort of craze. It is related of that ancient time that sweet September in the Roman clime was hot as blazes, and the union file could only march about a half a mile.

It wasn't anything at all, they say, to watch the mighty pageant get away, the music playing and the flags displayed, and see it suddenly duck for the shade. The gasping drummer with his sounding drum, the bronzed mechanics who perhaps had come a dozen squares, and in the frantic rout, age and apprentice with its tongue stuck out.

The faint impression the procession made on Roman capital for long dismayed the union leaders, when the serried ranks at times not even passed the Roman banks. And so it was

HOW'S THIS?

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

when mighty Caesar came, and having found the populace aflame, he shoved September from the seventh place along to ninth, which has remained the case. He merely interchanged it with July, but when he asked them how was that for high, they fairly inundated him with smiles, and have since been doing about twenty miles.

The autumn equinox will come around.

And Roosevelt, by that time eastward bound, Will aid it in the making of such storms

As they may find necessary to a few reforms, And then the sun will turn still softer yet.

And the bold October, having duly set

His planes, and carefully put on his brake,

Will see what sort of landing he can make.

Let wonderful WASHWAX do your family washing; saves rubbing and saves the clothes; makes them clean, sweet and snowy white, WASHWAX is a new scientific compound that washes in hot or cold water without the use of soap. It is entirely harmless and different from anything you have ever used. Send ten cents stamps today for regular size by mail. You will be glad you tried it. Agents wanted to introduce WASHWAX everywhere. Address Washwax Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Otto Heumann and Miss Elsie Heumann have been at Shohola, the former home of the family, this week.

Mrs. John Lake of Sherman, Wayne county, is visiting Mrs. Theron Loomis of Lincoln avenue.—Carbondale Leader.

Food Fermenting Causes Indigestion

"I got a box of Mi-o-na tablets for a distress in my stomach, and the first dose relieved me, and after I took the fourth I have not felt any more of it. I think it is a wonderful medicine."—Hiram Shultz, Watseka, Ill., July 27, '09.

If your stomach is out of order or distressed, no matter from what cause, Mi-o-na stomach tablets will give instant relief, and if taken regularly, will cure indigestion, acute or chronic, or money back.

Every sufferer from stomach trouble, gas, belching, sour stomach, nervousness, dizziness, and biliousness, should get a fifty cent box of Mi-o-na stomach tablets to-day and start a treatment.

In three days' time the stomach and bowels will be thoroughly purified and sour stomach and distress will vanish.

Continue the treatment for two weeks and the stomach will become so strong that it will be able to digest the heartiest meal without distress. Sold by druggists everywhere and by G. W. Peil.

Booth's Pills best for constipation, 25c.

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AUG. 31, 1910

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